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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Mozart's "Twelfth Mass."

Some forty years since Simrock of Bonn published a Mass by MOZART, both in score and for piano-forte, arranged by Zulehner, and numbered VII. In October, 1821, a criticism of the work appeared in the *Leipzig Mus. Zeitung*, by which it seems that the people had doubted its authenticity, and had said hard things of it, as being a work in which "a church style similar to that of the *Requiem* had been sought, but not, even in the slightest degree, found." As to the authenticity of the Mass, the writer of the notice says that "he had owned it already some thirty years, and had obtained it at the most truthful source, Salzburg, where Mozart wrote it and had it performed several times." Most of the article, however, is devoted to an explanation of the fact that the piece is not written in church style, by a historical notice of the state of music in the cathedral of his tyrannical, brutish eminence, the then Archbishop of Salzburg, and the influence which the taste of that man (whose treatment of the great musician has "damned him to everlasting fame,") or rather which his want of taste had upon the compositions of that musician. The writer therefore decides that the work is really what it pretends to be—a posthumous Mass by Mozart.

After a due lapse of time the newly found work reached Vienna and came into the hands of SEYFRIED, the great Mozart man of the thirty years succeeding the master's death. He scrupled to accept it as authentic, and wrote a letter, humorous in form, but not in substance, in which he made known his objections as: "First scruple, second scruple," &c., which I give in as small space as possible.

First Scruple, on page third: "*Adagio quasi andante.*" *Quasi*, he says, is a word never used by Mozart.

Second Scruple, is the heterogeneous manner in which the keys of the different movements follow: G major, C major, F major, C minor, C major. In Mozart's time, says he, it was not the custom to mingle the keys in such manner; most of the movements were in the key selected as the principal one; the first and last were always the same; and nobody had any conception of such a succession as G and F. He concludes, then, that if the various hymns of this Mass be really of Mozart's composition, still they were never put together by him in such a manner.

Third Scruple—that the *Et incarnatus* est is a solo, with *Crucifixus*, spoken by the choir *sotto voce*, "just as in opera *buffa* one hears *zitto, zitto, zitto—taci, taci, taci.*"

Item, the triplets and thirds, which on certain pages accompany the long-continued four-part chord, "with which now-a-days," says he, "Rossini and consorts overfeed us with most liberal generosity."

On page 47 he finds a "splendid consecutive fifth," and in the *Dona* "a most charming consecutive octave." He copies the two passages, and wonders what Christian soul can attribute them to Mozart.

He finds other scruples, in the tedious length of the *Kyrie*, in the "vulgar, silly" *Quoniam, Et incarnatus, Benedictus* and *Dona*; also in the false scanning of the words, as *Kyrie, quoniam, seculi, venturi*; also in quite a large number of instances of want of taste and the like in the music.

This letter was printed in the first volume of the *Cecilia*, and two or three numbers later Simrock inserts in the same periodical his reply. He states that he had received the work from CARL ZULEHNER (as great an arranger of vocal music as CZERNY of instrumental), and had considered him sufficient authority. Moreover he remembered that in the days of the Elector of Cologne, the fugue: *Cum sancto spiritu*, had occurred in a Mass by Mozart, sung in the electoral chapel. The hand in which the MS. was written was much like Mozart's, though, says Simrock, it could hardly be his. How it came in possession of Zulehner he did not know, but doubted not Z. would explain it. Simrock supposes the work in question to be one patched up out of things old and new for some abbey or convent in which the composer, while still quite young, happened to be staying. This hypothesis, he thinks, explains many queer things in this Mass, and it must be looked upon as a mere occasional piece, which Mozart never thought of publishing. It is clear that Simrock considers

the work as a very weak one, though, publishing it himself, he does not say so directly. "It is well known," says he, "that in those days there were often very good instrumentalists and singers in the abbeys and cloisters, who wished for a solo to sing or play at the Mass, which demand the master according to circumstances might well be disposed to meet; and this may have been the origin of the *Benedictus*, which Herr von Seyfried declares to have been a minuet theme, without taking into consideration, that in those times rondades were much in vogue, and a bass solo like that in the *Benedictus* would have passed for very beautiful."

Here the matter seems to have rested. I do not find that Zulehner took any notice of the public request for information, nor do I find the work mentioned directly either by NISSEN or HOLMES.

But now in the winter of 1855-6 appears the first volume of JAHN's "*Life of Mozart*," in the Appendix to which he discusses the master's early church compositions, and decides that "the arguments of Seyfried against the authenticity of the work have been overthrown by neither the critic in the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, nor by Simrock."

But why have I spent so much time upon this matter?

Because this "Mass for four voices, No. VII.," of which I have a copy of Simrock's edition, is, note for note, that which in our country is so popular under the title of *Mozart's Twelfth Mass*!

A. W. T.

Operas in Paris.

[The following article, from the London *Athenæum* of Oct. 4, probably presents a fair view of the general condition of opera in the various Parisian theatres.]

That the principal musical theatres in Paris are not in their most satisfactory state just now we fancy few French musicians would dispute. For this many reasons could be given: the dearth of composers, the want of executive artists (tenors especially) able to satisfy the highly-wrought expectations of the day, and the abuse of those indirect influences which, after a time, so vitiate opinion that the public loses faith, the weak artist due incentive to strive honorably, and the strong one to hope for justice. Without personally visiting the scene of action, accurate information on any musical subject in Paris seems unattainable. To begin with the Grand Opera—what person at a distance has any chance of knowing "the rights and wrongs" of any matter concerning the new prima donna, Madame Borghi-Mamo? The critic who is understood to write under a *nom de guerre* in the *Moniteur*, the official organ of the French government, of which the Grand Opera is now a strict dependency, distinctly stated the other day, in another journal, in which he writes with his own signature, that Mme. Borghi-Mamo would not come out while he was absent from Paris. Her *début* was actually or accidentally postponed till M——'s return;

and of course when she did come, she was stupendously praised as a Phoenix among débutantes at the Opera. The fact would matter little were the Grand Opera not a state machine, or were the Parisian press free; under the circumstances, the interference works towards the maintenance and encouragement of corruption, unblushing in its cynicism, and towards ruin to Art, as a certain consequence. Persons of high nature will not "eat dirt"; persons of a less high nature, who consent to eat dirt, provided it be disguised with a sugared or piquant sauce, by partaking of such dainty dish, are thereby weakened, impregnated with fever, and made incapable of wholesome action. These are harsh constructions and considerations, it may be said, to figure in a mere theatrical report; but they belong to the time, to the present state of Art, and to the significance of "the fourth estate" in Paris. Should any Grimm *rediculous* be now writing the memoirs of the world of French Fashion, Art, and Diplomacy, for the edification of some far-off friend, they will figure largely in his letters, to come to light among other strange illustrations when this generation shall have raved and fretted itself into its long sleep. To return:—Madame Borghi-Mamo's success in 'Le Prophète' is agreed to be a great success—by the journals. But we question the measure of its greatness from having been present at the lady's fourth performance in 'Le Prophète.' Madame Borghi-Mamo is doubtless in some respects a valuable acquisition. As a voice and as a singer she stands midway betwixt Madame Tedesco and Madame Alboni. Her organ is rich, powerful, and smooth; but she has not the natural power and splendor of the first lady, nor does she as yet command the vocal delicacy and grace of the second, though she sings correctly and has improved, we think, since her first appearance at the Italian Opera in Paris. Madame Borghi-Mamo is as little of an actress as either predecessor:—a performance more essentially lifeless than hers is rarely to be seen. Her face says nothing: her limbs merely execute some of the motions established as traditional by Madame Viardot. This seems to be already felt or found out by her audience:—at all events, the effect made by her on the evening when we heard and saw 'Le Prophète' was confined to that well-known spot in the *parterre* with which every one versed in Parisian theatricals is familiar. M. Roger was singing with refreshed voice, and acting with all his known intelligence, but with more grandeur and simplicity than formerly. Mlle. Poincet, too, the Bertha, was in her best tune; and by her dramatic energy carried off the honors in the duet in the fourth act. Madame Medori is shortly to appear as heroine in 'Les Vêpres' of Signor Verdi. Of a new opera the only whisper heard is an announcement that Signor Biletti's 'Rose de Florence,' having been shortened, is again about to enter into rehearsal;—and indeed there are now only two French sources from which anything may be expected,—these being MM. Halévy, and Gounod. M. Meyerbeer has left Paris, so that, according to his usual rate of proceeding, if 'L'Africaine' is to be given by him, the opera may hardly be expected before the Carnival of 1858. But it is said that the long-talked-of, reconsidered edition of M. Auber's 'Cheval de Bronze' is preparing for performance; and, further, a version of 'Il Trovatore,' to which Signor Verdi has undertaken to add an overture, a duet, a new finale, and some ballet music.

At the Opéra Comique few, if any, of the novelties which have been lavished there during the past twelvemonth seem new enough to keep the stage; and M. Perrin has had recourse to a solemn revival of 'Zampa,' with Madame Ugalde and M. Barbot as heroine and hero. The music suits neither precisely, nor is the work, in spite of the fire and fancy which it contains, a great work, so much as an opera meant to be grand, but (with small exception) virtually written in the style which is comic—a style of brisk measures, sharply cut rhythms, tunes that suggest dance rather than song, and an instrumentation fatiguing by its uniform glitter. Our remark, it might be urged, applies to M. Auber's 'La Muette,' but then that opera has melody in a quantity and of a quality

which Hérold had not reached when he died. The next revival talked of at the Opéra Comique is that of 'Jean de Paris,' for the débuts of Mlle. L'Héritier and M. Stockhausen. This, if well carried through, should prove very interesting. Boieldieu was as much fresher in style and subject than M. Auber, as M. Auber is than Hérold. The first finale to his 'Jean,' beginning with the entry of La Princesse, is a masterpiece of elegant and lively writing,—the 'Troubadour' ballad in the second act is delicious among romances.—Meanwhile, the new opera alternating with 'Zampa' at the Opéra Comique is M. Auber's 'Manon Lescaut,' with Madame Capel as its heroine. That this is a veteran's work every one must feel who hears it; but a thoroughly bred and thoroughly trained old courtier of the *ancien régime* will seem—nay, will be—younger than many a "fast" young man of the present day who has neither youth of manner nor youth of mind:—and so it is with this music. If it contain less to enjoy than 'Le Domino' or 'Fra Diavolo' does, there is throughout something to remark, something to learn,—a lucid grace, variety, and ingenuity in the orchestra,—everywhere sly touches of flute, oboe, harp, or viola talking to the purpose,—which does more for the scene than the most profound or preternatural combination ever piled up by the Wagnerites. In the first finale, too, where Manon sings at the tavern to pay for her dinner, M. Auber has broken out, as he might have done thirty years ago, into a laughing, irresistible inspiration. Madame Cabel plays the first two acts of this opera with great archness (up-hill work it must be to play to such an unsentimental looking Desgrieux as she has been here paired with), and she sings the aforesaid laughing song to perfection,—throughout the rest of her part, which has been loaded with vocal audacities for her display, she is more dashing than scrupulous in her execution, and less excellent than some of her predecessors in the florid style. M. Faure, who is the Marquis, the courtly persecutor of the thoughtless *grisette*, has made progress, and is now one of those excellent bassi at home alike in figurative or in expressive music, able to act and to talk, as well as to sing,—who seem only to be met with at the Opéra Comique of Paris. But the theatre seems deplorably in want of a tenor,—a want which is not new. Or it may be that the classification of voices and the art of singing were less understood in France formerly than they are now,—for we shall find the best elder writers perpetually employing mixed baritone voices with a few notes of high *falsetto* (of which Herr Pischek is, perhaps, the only modern specimen): hence, since these are not common now-a-days, an inevitable difficulty and loss of effect in reviving many of the old French operas. Whether the Ellevieux and Martins themselves sang in a manner which even a Frenchman, as devotedly national as M. Berlioz himself, would in these days accept as singing,—may be doubted, without cruel scepticism.

The Théâtre Lyrique is said to be prospering,—thanks to the reign there of the wife of its manager, Madame Miolan-Carvalho, one of the most accomplished vocalists of her class that has ever appeared. People still crowd to 'Fanchonnette' for her sake, and not for the story of the opera, which is absurd, still less for M. Clapisson's music, which is "dry as a remainder biscuit," without any extraordinary cleverness to carry off the dryness. No matter—as the young heiress who has chosen the life and calling of a street-singer, in order that, after the fashion of one of Lady Morgan's heroines, she may watch over the disinherited relation whom she unrequitedly loves, Madame Miolan-Carvalho works marvels with M. Clapisson's poor score. She plays with the difficulties of her long and fatiguing part, by displaying an amount of spirit, brilliancy, accent, and expression for which even those who, like ourselves have always rated her highly, were not prepared. Her voice has gained in power and body, without losing in delicacy or expression,—her acting in intelligence and readiness. She has profited, for a wonder, by removing from the second to the third opera-house in Paris, and now ranks among the most fascinating, as well as the

most finished, singers before the public.—It seems generally agreed that M. Maillart's 'Les Dragons de Villars'—which has been at least produced at the Théâtre Lyrique—has little style or invention to recommend it. "The successor of Auber (to quote a contemporary) seems as far as ever from presenting himself." There is a chance, say some who should know, of Mr. Balfe bringing out a new opera here; and, if so, a chance that its libretto may be one of semi-English origin. Should the tale prove true, it will not be the first time that our allies have had assistance from our island in the manufacture of their comic opera. D'Hèle (as the name is spelt in Grétry's Memoirs), who furnished several books to that delicious and intelligent melodist, was a countryman of ours.

Last and least, we must speak of M. Offenbach's little theatre,—which has just removed from the Elysian Fields to its winter quarters in the Passage Choiseul. Certainly, never had singers such a cage of gold and garlands and velvet curtains to sing before as has been here arranged for the delectation of their audience. A theatre belonging to a Petit Trianon might be fancied, in better taste, but it could hardly be more sumptuous than this. Light, slight, and bright are the wares set by M. Offenbach before the public,—allowance being made for the proportions of his stage, which make his actors look somewhat of the largest. Here every sort of farce—every sort of folly within the limits of decorum—is permissible; *bergeries* after Watteau—buffoneries, whence or where got Momus knows!—La Fontaine's fables moralized into dramas of speaking, singing life, such, for instance, as 'La Financier et le Savetier,' the most recent of the soufflés served up at the Bouffés Parisiens. The dialogue to this, with all its pertinence and impertinence (meant, apparently, to hit as hard in high places as Polichinelle or Pasquin have leave to hit), is by M. Hector Cremieux,—the music by M. Offenbach himself. The relations betwixt the vulgar financier and the light-hearted cobbler, who must sing or he will choke—the "ups and downs" by which the one suddenly becomes poor and the other rich—also, how the cobbler loves and is loved by Aubépine, the financier's daughter—are neatly and merrily set by M. Offenbach, and whimsically said and sung by his three actors. His tiny orchestra claims more serious praise—the manner in which this is used in the overture to set off a pretty phrase, and the perfect pianissimo obtained in execution, could hardly be exceeded as a clever example of legitimate miniature music. Of M. Offenbach's endeavors, by offering prizes, to encourage composers to be simple, gay, and ingenious, the *Athenæum* has spoken. It may now be added, that the jury impanelled from the first musicians in Paris has expressed itself surprised by the amount of original talent revealed on the occasion,—no less than six candidates having presented themselves,—all of high merit,—and who are now to compete in setting a libretto, with the certainty that the most successful work will be crowned with honor and pay. Let us hope that good will come of this. In Paris, as everywhere else, the cry is for composers, not for opportunities. Whether our age is one in which composers are nourished is doubtful. The combinations of Music are not yet exhausted; but the comparative ease of life and luxury of manners operate as a heavy disadvantage upon those born with a certain fluency of creative power. The energetic fling themselves into an antagonistic ruggedness; the industrious addict themselves to antiquarian puerilities; the sybaritic produce such commonplace as most readily find a market. But this is too grave talk for the threshold of M. Offenbach's temple of innocent follies.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—Here is a good specimen of the astuteness of that rather numerous class of critics who are most positive and dictatorial when they are the most ignorant of what they are writing or speaking about:

Several years ago in York, England, the performance of the "Messiah" was advertised to take place with Mozart's instrumentation, at a grand musical festival. When the managers, who

came from London, were about to lay out at the first rehearsal the music for the various instruments, they discovered, to their great dismay, that they had left the parts behind, and they were not to be procured in York. As there were no railroads at that time, the good managers were in no little trouble, until at length a clever fellow suggested that they should take Handel's original parts in place of Mozart's, adding that no one in the place would detect the change. The name of Mozart, however, stood in large characters upon the bill. After the concert the Duchess of York approached the conductor in a most cheerful and satisfied manner, and said, "she felt most happy that she had at length heard the 'Messiah' with Mozart's accompaniment, after having heard it so many times with Handel's. The latter was in her opinion stiff and thin, while the work under Mozart's hand had been much improved." The conductor of course felt much pleased, and could scarcely conceal his smiles; but the lady had scarcely left him, when Mr. Tempelwest, a very well known amateur in England, and a man who intensely disliked anything new, advanced impatiently towards him, and greeted him as follows: "Sir, are you not ashamed to mar on this classical ground a masterpiece of Handel in such a manner? Mozart's treatment is a piece of bungling, and everything he may have written cannot atone for it. O, I have listened intently; there is not one bar which the miserable Mozart has left untouched."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

"And for our tong, that still is so empyred
By travelling linguists,—I can prove it clear
That no tong has the muses' utterance heyred
For verse, and that swete music to the ear
Strook out of Rhyme so naturally as this."—CHAPMAN.

Give me of every language, first my vigorous English,
Stored with imported wealth, rich in its natural mines,
Grand in its rhythmical cadence, simple for household
employment—

Worthy the poet's song, fit for the speech of a man.

Not from one metal alone the perfectest mirror is
shapen,

Not from one color is built the rainbow's aerial bridge,
Instruments blending together yield the divinest of
music,

Out of a myriad of flowers, sweetest honey is drawn.

So unto thy close strength is welded and beaten to-
gether

Iron dug from the North, ductile gold from the South;
So unto thy broad stream the ice-torrents born in the
mountains

Rush, and the rivers pour brimming with sun from
the plains.

Thou hast the sharp clean edge and the downright
blow of the Saxon,

Thou the majestic march and the stately pomp of
the Latin,

Thou the euphonious swell, the rhythmical roll of the
Greek;

Thine is the elegant suavity caught from the sonorous
Italian,

Thine the chivalric obeisance, the courteous grace of
the Norman—

Thine the Teutonic German's inborn guttural strength.

Raftered by firm-laid consonants, windowed by open-
ing vowels,

Thou securely art built, free to the sun and the air.
Over thy feudal battlements trail the wild tendrils of
fancy,

Where in the early morn warbled our earliest birds;
Science looks out from thy watch-tower, love whispers
in at thy lattice,

While o'er thy bastions wit flashes its glittering sword.

Not by corruption rotted, nor slowly by ages degraded,
Have the sharp consonants gone crumbling away from
our words;

Virgin and clean is their edge, like granite blocks
chiselled by Egypt,

Just as when Shakspeare and Milton laid them in
glorious verse.

Fitted for every use, like a great majestic river,
Blending thy various streams, stately thou flowest
along,

Bearing the white-winged ship of poesy over thy bosom,
Laden with spices that come out of the tropical isles,
Fancy's pleasuring yacht with its bright and fluttering
pennons,

Logic's frigates of war, and the toil-worn barges of
trade.

How art thou freely obedient unto the poet or speaker,
When, in a happy hour, thought into speech he trans-
lates;

Caught on the word's sharp angles flash the bright
hues of his fancy—

Grandly the thought rides the words, as a good horse-
man his steed.

Now clear, pure, hard, bright, and one by one, like to
hailstones,

Short words fall from his lips fast as the first of a
shower—

Now in a twofold column, Spondee, Iamb, and Tro-
chee,

Unbroke, firm set, advance, retreat, trampling along—
Now with a sprightlier springiness, bounding in trip-
licate syllables,

Dance the elastic Dactyls in musical cadences on,
Now their voluminous coil, intertangling like huge
anacondas,

Roll overwhelmingly onward the sesquipedalian words.

Flexile and free in thy gait, and simple in all thy con-
struction,

Yielding to every turn, thou bearest thy rider along;
Now like our hackney or draught-horse serving our
commonest uses,

Now bearing grandly the Poet Pegasus-like to the sky.
Thou art not prisoned in fixed rules, thou art no slave
to a grammar,

Thou art an eagle uncaged, scorning the perch and
the chain.

Hadst thou been fettered and formalized, thou hadst
been tamer and weaker:

How could the poor slave walk with thy grand free-
dom of gait?

Let then grammarians rail, and let foreigners sigh for
thy sign-posts,

Wandering lost in thy maze, thy wilds of magnificent
growth,

Call thee incongruous, wild, of rule and of reason de-
fiant:

I, in thy wildness, a grand freedom of character find.
So, with irregular outline, tower up the sky-piercing
mountains,

Rearing o'er yawning chasms lofty precipitous steeps,
Spreading o'er ledges unclimbable, meadows and
slopes of green smoothness,

Bearing the flowers in their clefts, losing their peaks
in the clouds.

Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can cease
from rejoicing,

Thinking that good stout English is mine and my an-
cestors' tongue.

Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modu-
lation—

I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek,
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and
stately,

French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and
harsh.

Not while our organ can speak with its many and won-
derful voices—

Play on the soft flute of love, blow the loud trumpet
of war,

Sing with the high sesquialtre, or, drawing its full
diapason,

Shake all the air with the grand storm of its pedals
and stops.

Poems by W. W. Story.

Three Weeks in Berlin.

(From the Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

If Berlin is not the most musical city in the
world, it is probably, London excepted, the city
at which you may hear the most and the best
music. The orchestras are not, it is true, better

than our own—nor is the best of them—that of
the Symphony Concerts over which M. Taubert
presides—so good as the band of the Société des
Concerts in Paris, or as the Festival orchestras at
Birmingham, Bradford, and Norwich. But, on
the other hand, there are several distinct bodies
of instrumental performers in Berlin, which have
no connection with each other, and all of which
are more or less efficient.

The Opernhaus of the Königliche Schauspiele
—the largest theatre in Berlin, and perhaps the
most beautiful in Europe—has been to me the
greatest of attractions. Not because the perform-
ances are superior in many respects to what I
have heard elsewhere. On the contrary. With
one exception (Mme. Köster) the singers might
be easily overmatched; while the chorus and or-
chestra, numerous and efficient as they are, can
by no means justly be denominated perfect. But
the charm is in the ensemble. . . . Everything
is cared for, from the first lady and gentleman,
to the last "super;" and the result generally
leaves a satisfactory impression of completeness.

There are two conductors at the Opernhaus—
MM. Taubert and Dorn. M. Taubert is a sound
musician, and a composer of "distinction," al-
though without genius or originality. Mendels-
sohn—who has influenced one great department
in the art quite as much as Rossini another—is
the type which haunts M. Taubert both in his
symphonies and his piano-forte music; but it is
Mendelssohn's form (diffused)—or perhaps rather
Mendelssohn's shadow, without Mendelssohn's
substance. M. Taubert conducts more effectively
at the Opera than at the Symphony Concerts
(about which more anon); but he is always more
or less spasmodic, and, if I may so express my-
self, rhythmically capricious. M. Dorn, the other
chef-d'orchestre, is more precise, and easier to
follow, though he lacks the fire which his fellow-
conductor (given as M. Taubert is, nevertheless,
to take the music of Mendelssohn too slow) to
some extent possesses. M. Taubert (to revert to
the eternal topic) is *anti-Zukunft* to the death.
So was M. Dorn, until one fine day M. Liszt
brought out the opera of *Niebelungen* (Dorn's,
not Wagner's) at Weimar. From that time
Tannhäuser was considered worthy to be pro-
duced at Berlin. . . .

There is another important feature connected
with the Opernhaus at Berlin—viz., the great
variety of works to be heard there which can
rarely be heard elsewhere. A condition insepar-
able from its constitution ordains that the great
composers dead are to be treated with the same
consideration as if living, and their memory hon-
ored by frequent revivals of their masterpieces.
Thus the operas of Gluck, owing to this just and
wholesome rule, are familiar to the Berlin public,
while the *Titus* and *Idomeneus* of Mozart, though
not played so often, are no more laid upon the
shelf than *Figaro's Hochzeit* and *Don Juan*. The
operas of Spontini, too, appear at intervals; and
for all who entertain any curiosity about the lyric
drama, the music of that composer must possess a
special interest. Weber's *Euryanthe*, a periodical
visitation, is welcome to all admirers of the
gifted composer of *Der Freyschütz*. Not to enter
further into particulars, however, or to cite other
instances of great old operas, which, by authority,
constitute part and parcel of the repertoire, I may
add simply that the works of living composers are
not by any means neglected. Meyerbeer, Auber,
even Richard Wagner, (as I have elsewhere
suggested) and indeed the modern school in the
persons of nearly all its most brilliant representa-
tives, are called upon in due succession. Of
course, under these circumstances, the system of
giving the same operas often in succession, or at
intervals, is out of the question. And this confers
upon Berlin a vast superiority over Paris, where
the revival of any of the classical chefs d'œuvre
is an occurrence of the greatest rarity. At Berlin
the same opera is very seldom performed two
nights consecutively. To give you some notion
of how much can be heard owing to the enforce-
ment of this regulation, I may just mention that
but lately, within a period of less than three
weeks, I was present at the performance of six
operas and three ballets. The operas were Boiel-

dieu's *Die Wiesse Dame* (Oct. 13); Mozart's *Titus* (Oct. 14—the anniversary of the King's birthday); Auber's *Carlo Broschi* (Oct. 19); Wagner's *Tannhäuser* (Oct. 22); Spontini's *Fernando Cortes* (Oct. 24); and Mozart's *Don Juan* (Oct. 28). The ballets (in all of which the popular Marie Taglioni was the heroine) were *Satanello* (Oct. 14); *Der Seerauber* (the *Corsair*—Oct. 17); and *Ballanda, oder der Raub der Proserpina* (Oct. 21). These were ballets of action, in three acts, on a grand scale, produced in a style of lavish magnificence, and occupying the entire evening, without even a *lever de rideau*.

In the same three weeks six representations were given at the Opernhaus by Mad. Ristori and her troupe, of which I was satisfied to witness one, being rather curious to visit the Schauspiel, or Comedy, than to witness what I had already seen so often in Paris and London. At the Schauspiel, then, where there is an admirable company (which made the puppets that Mme. Ristori drags about with her hide their diminished heads), I saw Schlegel's translation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with the whole of Mendelssohn's music; Michael Beer's tragedy of *Struensee*, with the music of Meyerbeer; and three plays—viz.: Charlotte Birch-Pfeiffer's *Die Waise von Lowood* (the "Orphan of Lowood," founded on the novel of "Jane Eyre"); *Donna Diana*, a four-act comedy from the Spanish of Don Augustin Moreto; and *Graf Essex*, a tragedy by H. Laube, in five acts, the subject of which may be guessed from its title.

But I have not said all. In the same apparently inexhaustible three weeks I was able to attend the first of the Symphony Concerts, which are held in the large and spacious music room connected with the Schauspiel-Haus. The Berlin Symphony Concerts—like those of the Society of Concerts in the Paris Conservatoire—are extremely difficult of access; so much so that it is a privilege highly valued to be a subscriber; and the right of possessing an annual subscription ticket is bequeathed by will, as a sort of real property. I must confess that with the one concert which I heard I was greatly disappointed. The following was the programme:

Overture in C, Op. 123,.....Beethoven
Symphony in A major,.....Mendelssohn
Variations ("God save the Emperor"),.....Haydn
Symphony in F, No. 8,.....Beethoven

Beethoven's overture is the very long fugued one, generally known as the "Consecration of the House." It is grand, but (for Beethoven) occasionally dry and labored, and with themes unusually trite. It was, however, the best performance of the orchestra, except perhaps the first *allegro* of Mendelssohn's symphony, the last three movements of which were taken at so slow a pace by M. Taubert, that the spirit of them entirely evaporated. This habit of ruining Mendelssohn's music by disregarding the intentions of the composer, seems inveterate in certain German conductors. * * * I was much surprised to find an imitation of the Conservatoire French clap-trap at staid and classical Berlin. I allude to the variation movement from Haydn's quartet, which was played (as in Paris) by the whole body of stringed instruments, and produced an effect the composer never dreamed of, and with which, had he heard it, I question whether he would have been altogether pleased. In the Beethoven Symphony the *obligato* in the trio of the minuet was played by all the violoncellos, instead of one, as Beethoven intended. But for this week—*salus*.

Mr. Thalberg's Concert.

(From the Courier & Enquirer of Nov. 28.)

It is a long time since we had a concert of so high a grade as that which Mr. THALBERG gave last evening, to an audience which filled Niblo's Saloon to the last inch of standing room, and which was distinguished by the well known taste and culture of persons thickly scattered through it. A small but very effective orchestra directed by CARL BERGMANN's precise baton, a baritone of

Signor MORELLI's high standing, a cantatrice of the first class—Madame D'ANGRI, and Mr. Thalberg himself—without a superior, if he have his peer—in a programme *ten* of the twelve pieces on which bore the name either of Rossini, Weber, Beethoven, or Mozart—and what more could the most exacting musical taste demand? The concert was chiefly distinguished from those which have just preceded it by the first appearance of Madame D'ANGRI (think of the melancholy puns upon her name which are imminent in the future!) and the performance of Beethoven's Concerto in C Minor by Mr. Thalberg. Mr. Thalberg was the giver of the concert; but—*place aux dames*.

Madame D'Angri—a dark haired, dark eyed dame, with a meaning look, a winning smile, and a plenteous person—is a vocalist of the first rank. Among the contraltos she has had no equal here, except ALBONI. A glance at the music which she had selected, which included the cavatina from *Semiramide*, and the rondo from *Cenerentola*, showed either conscious power and assured success, or ambition—to be miserably disappointed. But she had but uttered *Eccomi alfine in Babilonia!* when her success was attained. The noble voice, the large and simple style of musical elocution, the air of quiet confidence, and the expression of reserved power, betrayed at once the first rate artist. Madame D'Angri's voice is an absolute contralto, very full and powerful in the middle and lower register, and much less attenuated in the upper than is generally the case with voices of this quality. Its capacities for passionate expression are unlimited, and these are developed by a dramatic, declamatory style, of the best Italian school. Her enunciation and pronunciation are matchless, and her accent the purest Roman; and how much this aids the pure delivery of the voice, free vocalization and distinct musical articulation, only those know who have carefully observed the difference between singers who possess and those who do not possess it. Madame D'Angri delighted her audience by the mingled passion and dignity which she threw into the first movement of the cavatina from *Semiramide*, and hardly less by the brilliancy and fire with which she gave the last. So in the rondo from *Cenerentola*, it required the full flowing flexibility with which the rondo itself was sung, to eclipse the effect of the tenderness with which she sang the introductory slow movement *Nacqui all'affanno, al pianto*. But perhaps it is in recitative that Madame D'Angri is greatest; there the inflections of her voice and her accentuation are charming indeed, and her ear for rhythmical elocution, which recitative so severely tests, appears almost faultless. Her voice lacks the smoothness, and the luscious richness which we have heard in contraltos; it might also be more purely delivered; but where there is so much and so great excellence, we are unwilling to see slight blemishes. Mme. D'Angri brings a new sensation to musical America.

Mr. Thalberg played only the first movement of Beethoven's concerto. The performance was a great one, we need hardly say. We do not think the union of the piano-forte with the orchestra a very congruous one, or the happiest for the piano-forte. The instrument, from the quality of its tone, and the manner in which that tone is produced—percussion, appears better either in solo or accompaniment than in concert with the various qualities of tone which are produced by the orchestra. They blend with or relieve each other by harmonious contrast; but with no one of them, nor with all of them, does the piano-forte seem to have sympathy. Besides, the power, variety, and richness of the orchestra are more than the monotoned piano-forte—limited as its power is, even in the hands of the greatest master—can successfully contend with. But to work out great ideas satisfactorily, and to attain large effects for the concert room, an orchestra is necessary; and so we have some of the finest thoughts of the great composers in the form of piano-forte concertos, to which we listen and are thankful. Especially do we acknowledge the claim upon our gratitude when the thoughts receive such interpretation, and, we may add, such illustration as those of Beethoven did last evening at the hands of Mr. Thalberg. Every phrase of that graceful

movement, the theme of which, simple as it is, bears the stamp of a master mind, was given by the performer with absolute precision and most delicate appreciation of its significance; and at the close he gave a cadenza of his own; and such a cadenza! It was itself a concerto. It was based upon the counter theme of the movement, which was worked up in a style so elaborate and yet at the same time so consonant with the spirit of the music to which it was an addendum, as almost to raise the performer to the rank of the original composer. Its brilliancy and its intricate difficulty were no less striking: and as Mr. Thalberg performed it, Carl Bergmann and his fellow musicians listened with bated breath. It was a splendid combination of fancy, learning and executive skill. Yet Mr. Thalberg in playing the air of "Home," which he did on receiving a merciless encore, showed himself no less a great master in his art. The thing was so simple, that he could have played it as well asleep as awake; but the purely vocal style in which he gave it, the tenderness which he threw into its unadorned phrases, and the manner in which he made the piano-forte sing it, made the performance of it a great piece of art. We can only add that the concert gave the greatest delight to the audience.

Musical Correspondence.

(From our own Correspondent. Too late for last week.)

NEW YORK, NOV. 24.—On Saturday night the Academy of Music was so crowded, at the first Philharmonic concert of the season, that even the amphitheatre was graced—for the first time probably—by the presence of ladies. It was difficult to realize that not ten years ago, when these concerts were given at the Apollo Saloon, down town, that hall, which holds about five or six hundred people, used to be only comfortably full, while at the rehearsals (which have this season nearly filled the Academy) there were generally hardly a hundred persons assembled.

The Academy is certainly a splendid house for hearing. Never did music sound more beautifully than the Fifth Symphony from the second tier, where I sat that night. It was admirably played; and those who may have preferred Mr. BERGMANN's leading and training last year, could say nothing against the result of Mr. EISELDE's conductorship, as shown in this number, and indeed throughout the evening. The other orchestral pieces were Cherubini's Overture to *Medea*, and one of Gade, denominated "In the Highlands." The former is one of the composer's best, in point of instrumentation, working up, and flowing, pleasing melody. But it seemed to me too pretty for the grand, awful subject of which it treated; I could find nothing in it characteristic of the name it bears. Gade's composition did not strike me as very remarkable. In fact, Gade seems to have exhausted himself in a few of his first works. His Symphony in A minor is beautiful, and his "Sounds from Ossian" have much merit; but this attempt at rendering the spirit of the "Highlands" is not far from a failure. It is not Scotch enough to be very characteristic, and yet too much so to be good for anything else. Besides this, it is extremely Mendelssohnian—a fault which even the composer's best works have in a slight degree.

Madame LAGRANGE was the singer of the evening, having consented, ever ready and obliging as she is, to perform that part at very short notice, instead of Mlle. JOHANNSEN, of the German Opera, who was indisposed. She sang the grand aria from *Don Giovanni* and Rode's "Variations." The latter is a style of vocalization in which she excels at all times; the former I have heard her sing better in the role of Donna Anna, though she would have done very well on this occasion without the unfortunate "wobble" in her voice. But, as a friend said, "she would not be Lagrange without that."

There were two more solo numbers—one for the violin, by Mr. WM. DOEHLER, a member of the orchestra, whose extreme youth and very unassuming demeanor excused any want of force and character in his playing. His stroke was almost too soft and tender, though indeed the piece which he played, a *Fantasia* by David on Schubert's "Praise of Tears," seemed to require that. The pianist was Mr. ROBERT GOLDBECK, "from Berlin, and just arrived from London," as the programme said. He played the *Arpeggio Etude* of Chopin, from Op. 10, a *Rondo* in E flat by Weber, and an *Etude* of his own. His performance gave more evidence of a sound, sterling school than of great force or brilliancy of execution. He was encored, and played a pleasing trifle, suited to the occasion—probably also his own work.

Nov. 26. One could almost believe in "bad luck," considering the bad weather which poor Mr. EISELDFELD invariably has for his concerts. Yesterday, too, a very fine morning changed into a drizzly day, and a most unpleasant evening, so that there was but a very small audience present. Those who were there, however, enjoyed the treat held out to them none the less. It consisted of a Quartet in C, No. 6, by Mozart, one in F, Op. 18, by Beethoven, Schubert's first Trio in B flat, and a couple of songs from Miss BRAINERD. The quartets were very well played, though we noticed in the first violin the old tendency to flat, in a considerable degree. The Quartet of Mozart was not one of his finest, but has still enough food for enjoyment in it; that of Beethoven, one of his earlier works, savored strongly of Mozart and Haydn, yet the strong individuality peeped out every now and then. The *Adagio appassionato* was particularly beautiful. Schubert's Trio made on me the same impression as when I heard it played, two years ago, by Mr. SATTER, although Mr. HOFFMANN (the pianist on this occasion), while he played with all his usual excellence in every respect, still lacked the peculiar fire and spirit which characterized Mr. Satter's playing. The Trio is exquisite throughout, in the rollicking, sparkling *Allegro*, the deep, mournful *Andante*, the *Scherzo* such as only Schubert can write, and the *Finale*, with its quaint melodies, and the wondrous working up of the whole. Mr. Hoffmann did it full justice, and remained true to his character of an earnest, vigorous, healthy artist in his rendering and whole conception of it. Miss Brainerd was not in as good voice as usual. She should hardly have attempted Mendelssohn's *Zuleika*; her voice has not enough of the mournful element in it for that song, which is so expressive of the deepest, tenderest longing. The other song, "The Streamlet," by Kalliwoda, an old-fashioned and very tedious composition, was better suited to the singer's organ, but was too indifferent in a musical view to please much.

Why does not Mr. Eisfeld introduce some of Franz's songs at his concerts? I think they would find appreciative hearers among the music-loving audiences who are gathered together on these occasions.

(From another correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.—Mr. THALBERG's new series of concerts commenced last Thursday evening at Niblo's Saloon, before the largest audience that has yet greeted the eminent pianist. He performed Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, with full orchestral accompaniments, and his own *Luzerzia* and *L'Elisir* fantasias. The Concerto was very well received, though the greater portion of the piano playing was completely drowned by the orchestra. In the other pieces Mr. Thalberg sustained his well-earned reputation.

One great feature of the concert was the debut of the new contralto, Mme. D'ANGRI. Her name has been for some time before the British public, and her

fame preceded her to this country. In person the new comer is highly favored—magnificent form, splendid black eyes, dark hair, and with a certain air of *abandon* that evidently will make her a much better opera than concert singer. Her voice is a pure contralto, rich, full and deep, and capable of considerable expression. Her execution is but tolerable; she attempted a set of variations by Vaccaj, a specimen of those vocal gymnastics in which LAGRANGE so peculiarly excels, and in which she surpasses every other living singer. The unavoidable contrast between D'Angri and Lagrange in this style of music, is by no means favorable to the former.

But it is in the passionate, declamatory style that Angri cannot fail to meet with eminent success; in her aria from *Semiramis*, she gave us a taste of her true powers, and also in an inferior English air from one of Macfarren's operas. Her pronunciation of our language was very good, but the absurdity of the words, repeated in the Italian manner, was amusingly apparent. For instance, she sings:

My Hassan, he—is gone, is gone,
And I—and I—am left—and
I am—left—left—alone, and I
Am left a-a-a—(long trill) lone!

These, with such interjections as "What see I?" "An empty ch-a-a-a-ir!" &c., made the piece sound more like a burlesque than anything else. However, this had little to do with the merits of the singer, who received the greatest applause, and was honored in the *Non pu mesta* of Cenerentola with a hearty encore.

Mr. Thalberg's concert on Saturday night attracted another fine audience, although the weather was extremely unpleasant. He played *fantasias* from *La Sonnambula* and *La Figlia* with his usual success. Mr. Thalberg's performance is the perfection of Art; there is no affectation, no snobbery, no clap-trap about him; he has arrived at the topmost rung of the ladder of musical fame, and needs no extraneous stimulants to success. But notwithstanding all this perfection, this elegant, gentlemanly manner, this marvellous command over the instrument, he does not appear to be himself touched by the divine spirit of musical inspiration. He is never carried away by his own music, but on rising from the piano, with the plaudits of delighted listeners bursting upon his ear, he is the same quiet, respectable, self-possessed, middle-aged gentleman that he is at the dinner table of his hotel. His playing reminds one of a poem of ROGERS—elegant and polished almost to excess, as if a little more fire and even brusqueness, would add to its charm. But then it should be remembered that Mr. Thalberg is no longer young; he has passed that glorious age of youth when Genius cries out the loudest and impels her gifted sons to "deeds of high emprise." I can only compare his career to that of the day: in the morning tinged with the golden and ruby clouds, that in a few short hours lose their variegated brilliancy in the fuller effulgence of the increasing sunlight. So youth is touched with the fires of Genius, and thus they fade before the fuller light of knowledge, and we know not whether to rejoice or mourn that they are departed.

The industry of Mr. Thalberg is equal to his musical talents. His engagements for this week include for yesterday (Monday) a concert at Brooklyn, this morning a gratuitous concert before the public school children at Niblo's, a regular concert this evening, a concert at Philadelphia to-morrow, and at New York again on Thursday. He will visit Boston in about three weeks, and there is little doubt that the Bostonians will give a hearty welcome to the king of pianists.

THEODORE EISELDFELD commenced his Classical Soirées last Tuesday evening, with his old quartet party, and the further assistance of RICHARD HOFFMANN, pianist, and Miss BRAINERD, vocalist. The

soirée was but poorly attended, but gave satisfaction to those present. The chief novelty was a beautiful trio by Franz Schubert, performed by Mr. NOLL (violin), Mr. BERGNER (violoncello), and Mr. HOFFMANN (piano-forte.)

Signor BAILINI, a young Italian tenor, formerly of the Astor Place troupe, and for several years a teacher in this city, took a benefit the other evening, LAGRANGE, BRIGNOLI and others assisting.

APTOMMAS, the harpist, commences to-night a series of monthly Soirées, at which he will perform classical music on the harp, with miscellaneous selections. He will be assisted by several artists from the opera, and by a host of resident talent.

All the musical world is waiting with anxiety for the production of Verdi's *Traviata*, which will positively take place this week. Rossini's *Semiramide* is in rehearsal, with Miss PHILLIPS as Arsace. I should be happy to say more of this estimable young artiste, who is rapidly becoming a favorite here; but as this communication is already rather voluminous, I must wait, and withhold the vast stores of musical gossip, which during the past week have come to the ears of

TROVATOR.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 6, 1856.

To Correspondents.

We go to press on Friday morning. Communications of any length should reach us by Thursday morning, and even by Wednesday, to be sure of insertion.

Will "TROVATOR" oblige us with his real name?

Mr. A. W. TRAYER may be addressed at Natick, Ms., or at this office.

Mendelssohn Quintette Club.

The audience at the second concert, on Tuesday evening, was moderate in numbers, but composed, as usual, of the most musically cultivated persons. The programme contained the following pieces:

PART I.

- 1—Quartet in G, No. 66, (first time,).....Haydn.
Allegro con brio—Minuetto—Adagio sostenuto—Finale, Presto.
- 2—"Songs without Words," for Piano-forte,.....Mendelssohn.
Hugo Leonhard.
- 3—Quintet in C minor, No. 1,.....Mozart.
Allegro—Andante—Minuetto—Allegro.

PART II.

- 4—Morceau de Concert, for Violoncello and Piano, (first time,) composed and dedicated to Mr. W. Fries, by T. Ryan.
Walf Fries and Leonhard.
- 5—Adagio and Canzonet, from the Quartet in E flat, op. 12,.....Mendelssohn.
- 6—Piano Trio, op. 70, No. 2, in E flat,.....Beethoven.
Andante and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro.
Messrs. Leonhard, A. and W. Fries.

In the rendering of the Haydn Quartet the players did not do their best. There was neither the usual smoothness nor precision; and the first bars of the *Allegro* failed to convey a clear, intelligible statement to our ear; the figure there and afterwards at times was a little blurred. We suppose there is a luck about these things, even with accomplished artists. But we fear that the very familiarity of Father Haydn's music betrayed into undue confidence and neglect of nice rehearsal. Yet it grew better as it went on. The tender *Adagio* and the dancing *Presto* made a very pleasant impression. The whole Quartet, though in a lighter and more common vein than Beethoven or Mozart or Mendelssohn, had the peculiar Haydn elegance and ever-youthful freshness and naïveté, and was worthy of careful treatment.

The Quintet by Mozart went much better, as

the composition itself is far more rich and full of meaning, the product of a deeper inspiration and a deeper nature. This awakened the right feeling, and really transported us into the free heaven of music. The selections from Mendelssohn's quartet music were of the very best. There is profound feeling and beauty in that Adagio, and the "Canzonet" movement is as characteristic of the author as anything could be, beginning in a wild *Volkslied* vein, like some of his songs without words and some of Schumann's little Album pieces, and ending with that little elfin hum and flutter of pervading sounds, which occurs so often in his works, and in which you always hear the overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Mendelssohn's fancy oscillates continually between these two poetic elements.

Mr. LEONHARD's rendering of the two "Songs without Words," was unfortunate. In the first, that musing, hymn-like strain which forms the first number of the first set, he showed to be sure a good conception of its meaning; but whether from embarrassment or some other cause, he struck wrong notes and blurred over passages. The other piece, (No. 3 of the same set) a brilliant, fiery movement in A, whose quick, buoyant rhythm reminds one of the Allegro in Beethoven's Symphony in the same key, was taken quite too fast, or faster than he could well scramble through. Perfect execution, to be sure, might have justified so swift a tempo. We thought, too, that for once the Chickering piano was less sympathetic in its tone than usual and less encouraging to the performer. But the pianist more than made amends by his clear, spirited, intelligent and effective rendering of the Beethoven Trio. He played it even better than in the first concert, and confirmed the impression that we have in him one who, though wanting much to be gained only by experience, has many of the essential qualifications for a player of Beethoven's concerted music. And what more useful sphere can a pianist fill?

Mr. RYAN's concert piece for 'cello and piano proved a pleasing piece, but rather too long. It leads off with a flowing *cantabile* melody, tender and gracefully rounded, not very original, and then its unity crumbles away into rather an indefinite, protracted medley of dramatic *scena*-like passages. The melody was beautifully sung on Mr. WULF FRIES's violoncello, to which it is always a great pleasure to listen.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—A new prospect opens for Orchestral Concerts, and to our mind the most hopeful that has dawned upon us yet. Plan number two having been abandoned, Mr. CARL ZERRAHN, relying on his own tried energy and knowledge of the thing we want as well as of the ways and means, has determined to try the experiment of a series of concerts in a hall of medium capacity, namely, the old Melodeon, which was always a good room for sound, and which will be thoroughly renewed internally, and made sweet and clean and handsome. It will seat about 1200 persons. To be sure it is somewhat mortifying to go away from our noble Music Hall and the Beethoven statue, but it may only be to return there after a little while in triumph. It is certainly best, after our recent experience, to begin on a modest scale. If only six or seven hundred persons can be relied on for a series of concerts, who will risk the expense of a hall that

holds four times that number?—to say nothing of the chilling influence of a hall not one half full. Let us fill the quart measure first, and then we may overflow into the gallon.

Full particulars of place, prices, number of concerts, &c., will probably be announced next week. It is Mr. Zerrahn's intention to make the programmes altogether of the highest order of orchestral music and avoid all clap-trap. If solo talent be at all introduced, it will be only that of the most artistic character. For since he will rely for audience almost entirely on subscribers to the whole series,—that is to say, upon the sincere lovers of great classical music,—there will not be the usual necessity of throwing out cheap glittering baits to miscellaneous outsiders, at the expense of that true artistic tone and unity which one has everywhere a right to demand of "Philharmonic" concerts. We believe Mr. Zerrahn means to adopt this name, in the sense that has become established in New York, London, and many European cities.

We would earnestly advise all of the six or seven hundred subscribers to the concerts which have been abandoned, to transfer their subscription to Mr. Zerrahn, feeling assured that they will more than get their money's worth, and will be aiding a wholesome experiment which promises to lead (if anything can do it) naturally and safely back to the glorious heights from which we have fallen. Beginning in this sound and modest way, we may yet, before the winter is past, go back in triumph to the Music Hall, and celebrate that triumph with the Choral Symphony—chorus and all—with the statue of the Master who composed it rising in the midst of its interpreters!

P. S.—The first concert will be on the 10th of January. Subscription lists will be circulated in a few days.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From the Country.

NATICK, Dec. 2, 1856.

In the olden time, what is now our South village was a right famous place—indeed, quite the blarney stone of the Massachusetts colony. Without delaying to discuss the great question first propounded to an inquiring generation in my last letter—whether Mr. Eliot's route hither was by the back way or not—the discussion of which topic, I am credibly informed, has rendered divers persons irate—persons who evidently have no due appreciation of the great value of the labors of our antiquarian societies—be it sufficient to state that he did come, and that, on sundry occasions and oft, the wise, the learned, the curious, the high, mighty, and lifted up of the colony joined him in his visits. Was there not a grand visitation of the Indian plantation here in 1651, in which the Rev. Mr. Wilson of Boston, and the worshipful Mr. Rawson, some time Secretary of the Colony, and sundry others took part? And some hours after they had arrived and had already viewed the two fair streets upon 'ye north side of ye river, and the long street upon the other bank, and the foot-bridge built archwise, and the circular stockade in which was the house built after the English manner, did not His Excellency the Governor, the worthy Mr. John Endicott, come up from Dedham, where he had spent the night, with his sergeants and others to the number of about twenty persons, and make a like view, after which there was a lecture or sermon in the fort?

And more than a score of years afterward did not the facetious Mr. John Dunton, bookseller, of London, ride on horseback twenty miles through the woods from Boston, with Madam Brick, the flower

of that city, behind him, who in this case proved but a beautiful sort of luggage, as he says, to witness the wonder-workings of Providence among the natives? And were not such visits described in glowing terms and printed in books, so that the name of Natick came even into the ears of the Lord Protector, and of that famous poet, Mr. John Milton, Latin Secretary to his highness?

And did not the great controversy carried on by Mr. Allen, of Dedham, on the one part for the inhabitants of that town, and by Mr. Eliot on the other, in behalf of the "poor Indians of the plantation of Natick," respecting the disputed territory on the south side of the river, divide the counsels of the Great and General Court for a series of years?

I say no more; only let him who disputes the importance of our town in the history of the universe study the documents and be silent forever!

Standing upon one of the hills which overlook the valley of the Charles, the other day, I carried myself back in imagination to one of the Thursday lectures of Eliot. The whole view, even to the hills of Milton, was that of a dense forest—a view which, as I have seen them from the mountains near Lake Superior, fills me with a sense of solitude and sublimity, not surpassed by the ocean. Here and there below me, along the sides of the elevations, wreaths of smoke arose from the few small openings made in the forest for the wigwams and maize fields of the Indian converts; but these were not numerous nor extensive enough to form any contrast to the grand expanse of the wide spreading woods. It is a beautiful October morning, and all these woods save the dark pines and firs are brilliant in Autumn's gayest colors. Deer bound by me; the wild, solitary cries of the loons reach me from Bullard's Pond; squirrels chatter; partridges whirr-r-r by me, as I move along the hill-top to find some better point of observation. It is the middle of the forenoon, and now a new sound comes up from a distant point of the plain below, growing each moment more distinct, as you may to-day hear it in the Adirondack or Ontonagon woods, far away, the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the soft, leaf-covered earth. Mr. Eliot and two or three companions, preachers perhaps or members of the General Court—at all events, men of importance. They started early, and have had a ride of some three or four hours, following the Indian path from Roxbury, at a slow pace, for the roots, stumps and decaying timber of the original forest are not favorable to rapid equestrianism. Of course the all-engrossing topic has been the great work of God among the Indians; but there has been time enough for other conversation, and in those days subjects were surely not wanting. The last vessel that came from "home" had brought out not only an abundance of news in relation to Cromwell and the progress of the saints, but the latest publications from the theological and political presses. Mr. Milton's new book in defence of the Revolution, the last treatise of Mr. Richard Baxter, anything which may have just appeared from the pens of Sir Henry Vane and Hugh Peters, would possess special interest. It is no difficult matter to weave conversations out of such materials, and I find myself debating many curious questions of church and state in the persons of my visitors to the settlement below.

But the preacher and his friends have reached the old oak, under which in my childhood I played so often. Their horses are tied, and are munching hay which the Indians have gathered along the banks of the river and meadows. And now the roll of the drum "pierces the fearful hollow of mine ear"; but in this case it is the sound of peace. Its sharp tone reaches the recesses of the forest, and in a few minutes I hear the sound of voices from the woods below, but the speech is in an unknown tongue. I comprehend nothing of it. The Shenes, the Wahans, the Trags, the Pegans, Monequassun the

schoolmaster, Nataous, Totherswamp, Ponantum, perhaps Cutshamakin the sachem, and many others are coming from hill and pond, from corn-patch and hunting-ground, to the place of worship, built with their own hands, save the two days assistance of the English carpenter. The voices die away in the distance, and soon another roll of the drum, and all draw into the circle of the palisades. One part of the service rises on the still air, and falls sweetly upon my ears. It is the psalm which Mr. Eliot has translated into metre in the Indian speech, and which, abounding in vowel sounds, swells sweetly and smoothly as the stanzas of Metastasio, and withal is worthy of Mr. Wilson's testimony: "all the men and women sang it together, in one of our ordinary English tunes, melodiously." Mr. Endicott, the Governor, records that "they sang cheerfully and pretty tunable."

Now this matter of their singing has been a subject of infinite speculation to me.

Daniel Gookin, Gentleman, Captain General of the Colony, and guardian of the Indians, speaks of the singing of the uncivilized Indians, but gives us no means of judging of its excellence. Being thus thrown upon my own resources, I think of the Chinese music (?) which I have heard, of the Indian music of the wandering tribes I have seen at the Saut St. Marie, of the descriptions of travelers among savage nations, and conclude that the singing of the Powows in the woods of Massachusetts must have been of like character. How could they have learned to sing otherwise? The historians of music quote Juvenal's opinion that man learned to sing from the birds. But birds do not sing,—they whistle. I have taken lessons in whistling from our bluebirds and thrushes; never one in singing. Suppose, however, Juvenal be right; were there any singing birds here before the destruction of the forest, and introduction of civilization? Are not singing birds almost unknown, in our latitude, until the woods are cleared away? The little experience I have had in wild wood life leads me to this idea, and I think I have seen remarks to the same effect in the course of my reading. The loon, the wild goose and duck, the partridge, the king-fisher, the wild turkey, pigeons, and sundry such like birds of passage were certainly here, but did the Indian know the thrushes, the bluebird, the mocking-bird, and the like? Who will inform us? I take it that anything like melody, like harmony, like musical expression, was utterly unknown among the natives until in the meeting-houses of Plymouth, Salem, the New Town, Watertown, Boston, &c., they listened to "the common English tunes" of that day; such as you may find in Ainsworth, and Ravenscroft, and Sternhold, and Hopkins, in the College Library at Cambridge.

What are our pleasures as we hear for the first time a chorus of Handel, or a symphony of Beethoven, compared with the feeling of the red man, as with wonder and delight he stood fascinated at the door of that church with a bell upon it, which in 1651 was erected in "the New Town," hard by where the Dane Law School now stands. York and Old Hundred, and Canterbury, and other good old solid chorals, formed the staple of the musical feast, and they stand the test of experience to this day. And when under Mr. Eliot's zealous instruction and care, the new converts in their own meeting-house, and in their own language, first joined, men and women, in marrying sacred verse to immortal strains, though on a mean and feeble scale, were not their souls touched with feelings which Handel or Mozart might envy?

When I fall into reveries upon the aboriginal inhabitants of Natick, no scene is more prominent than this in which Monequassum "deacons off" the psalm from Mr. Eliot's manuscript, the eager eyes black as night, of sachem, sanop and squaw, fixed upon his face, and then the voices of all bursting into old "York," melodiously and pretty tunable; and Mr. Eliot sits in his place, now joining lustily in the tune, and now brushing a tear from his eye, with the mental thanksgiving: "Father, I thank thee that thou hast revealed these things unto babes!"

A. W. T.

Musical Chat-Chat.

THALBERG will not visit Boston before January. . . . The habitués of the New York Academy of Music stood aghast this week at the sudden announcement that the Italian Opera would positively come to a close on the 10th of this month, LAGRANGE, MARETZKE and all having accepted an engagement at the Tacon theatre in Havana. ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, too, goes with them, having given the Salem people a flying concert first. So there is small hope of opera for any of us this winter. . . . The HANDEL & HAYDN SOCIETY will perform the "Messiah" at Christmas. After that will come the long- and thoroughly rehearsed "Eli." We learn there is some hope of securing Frailein JOHANNSEN, the successful prima donna of the late unsuccessful German Opera in New York, to sing the principal soprano part.

Is it not a pleasant and a rare thing to unite the votes of both contending parties? A musical warfare has been raging between the *Musical Journal* and *Fitzgerald's City Item*, both of Philadelphia, from which we have the vanity to cite a passage on each side—indeed we owe it to such friends. The *Item* winds up a spirited rejoinder thus:

"A word more and we are done, as this article is already much longer than it should be. We take this paragraph from the *Philadelphia Musical Journal*:

"From the first we have never disguised our relationship to the *N. Y. Musical Review* (if it pleases the *Item* better, say "likeness," to that paper); for we candidly esteem it as the most strictly musical paper of any standing in this country; not excepting others, which may contain weekly tedious literary articles and translations, that interest none save the sensitive novel reader or the chaffed critic."

We would merely say to this, that the writer does not strengthen his praise of the *Review* by adding the concluding uncalled-for, ungenerous, and untrue fling at the *Boston Journal of Music*. It shows him to be unable to appreciate its selections, translations and editorials, which abound in information of the most useful and interesting description, and to be too prejudiced and self-sufficient to avail himself of the labor of one of Boston's most capable, theoretical, and practical professors, who acts in the capacity of musical editor to the musical paper so unkindly and unnecessarily alluded to by the author of the paragraph above quoted."

To this the *Musical Journal* pleads off in the following:

"MISREPRESENTATION CORRECTED.—The *City Item* of the 15th inst. does us injustice in its closing paragraph. We have been in the receipt of more than one weekly musical paper, and in our writing had no allusion to the *Boston Journal of Music*, which, we trust, (notwithstanding the *Item's* severe insinuation) we are able, in some measure, to appreciate as a most excellent exponent of the art."

While here in this famed citadel of classical music, where stands the statue of Beethoven, there are no symphonies to be heard this winter, and while here, after some twenty years of symphony concerts, we have not yet a permanent society for classical orchestral music, it is curious to turn to the young city of Milwaukee, where the sixty-eighth concert of its "Musical Society" was given on the 26th ult. with the following programme:

PART I.
Symphony in C minor, by Beethoven, consisting of: 1. Allegro con brio. 2. Andante con moto. 3. Allegro assai. 4. Allegro.

PART II.
1. Song of the Pilgrims at their Return—chorus for male voices from Opera "Tannhäuser," by Wagner.
2. Song for Soprano with Piano accompaniment.
3. "Good night,"—serenade for male voices.
4. Song for Tenor, with Piano accompaniment.
5. Overture to "Der Freyschütz."

The New York Philharmonic Society have in rehearsal for their next concert two overtures never before given in this country: one to the drama, "Uriel Acosta," by L. SCHINDLEMEISSER, and an *Overture characteristic*, "Faust," by RICHARD WAGNER. The Symphony will be Mozart's "Jupiter." The orchestra of the Philharmonic numbers

eighty-one performers: 31 violins, 11 violas, 9 violoncelli, 10 double basses, &c. . . . A friend, in whose judgment we have great confidence, writes us: "Mme. D'ANGRI is a great singer—style at once very grand and highly finished—voice a little manish, however. Stands next to Lind and Alboni; lacking, however, the genius of the former entirely." Our old friend ARDITI, the conductor of so many Italian operas in this country now occupies, it seems, the same post in the orchestra of the Italian Opera at Constantinople. *L'Eco di Italia* says: "He was eagerly sought for by the impresarii on his arrival in Italy, and might, if he had chosen, been director of the grand orchestra of Parma or of the royal theatre of Turin. But the Ottoman capital snatched him away from Italy. It is thought that Arditi will occupy the post of the deceased Donizetti, director in chief of the military bands in Turkey. It would be fine to see our friend created a Pasha of three tails!"

Among the passengers lost in the ill-fated steamer *La Lyonnaise* was Mr. T. FRANKLIN BASSFORD, a young American pianist and composer, who had won the approval of good judges by his concerts in New York. . . . Mr. APTOMMAS, in the programme of the first of his Harp Soirées, in New York, announces that he will play, with harp, violin and cello, Beethoven's piano-forte Trio in C minor; also the celebrated Fantasia on the Prayer in *Moise*. Query: Does he mean Thalberg's, or that which some say is the prototype of Thalberg's, composed originally for the harp by Parish Alvars? . . . Miss MAY, the American cantatrice, has postponed her return home, having been engaged by Mr. Lumley to appear in London at Her Majesty's Theatre during the coming season. . . . JULIEN's concerts at the London Opera House are triumphs in their way. His prima donna this time is CATHARINE HAYES, who has been the most enterprising of concert-givers in extreme foreign parts, and has carried home much gold from Australia. . . . Signora STERFANO has appeared in Paris, as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, with unqualified success. She "turned up" to the relief of the despairing manager, on the occasion of the sudden indisposition of Mme. FREZZOLINI, and the result was her engagement for two months, instead of departing for Vienna.

In the article translated in our last number about a new Lisztian style of organ-playing, which has broken out at certain spots in Germany, there was rather an obscure allusion to somebody called "Orgel-Kloss." Kloss is the German for clod, blockhead, or more commonly dumpling. It seems there was an organ virtuoso by the name of Kloss, who cut a rather sorry figure six or eight years since, and to whom the writers of the *Neue Zeitschrift* in Leipzig gave the nickname of "Herr Orgel-Kloss," or Organ-dumpling. . . . The Worcester *Palladium* follows up our hint to lecture committees. We copy, to keep the ball in motion:

One word in the ears of our music-loving citizens. Would not a lecture on the lives and works of the five great musical composers, Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, given by an accomplished scholar, and one of the best critics in the country, be something enjoyable and worth striving to attain? Mr. A. W. Thayer, the able "Diarist" of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, has prepared such a lecture, which he would deliver before any lyceum or musical association. He was recently well known in New York as the musical critic of one of the leading daily papers of that city, and has since been spending a year or two in Germany, collecting the materials for such a life of Beethoven as has not yet been written. Probably no one in this country is better qualified to deliver such a lecture, and no one certainly could make it more interesting. Who will move in this matter? STELLA.

But "Stella" is under one erroneous impression. Our friend's position in the New York daily was not that of "musical critic." His modesty forbade him to stand forth in that formidable character, and he preferred to whisper his shrewd observations in some quiet corner in the shape of Diaristics.

COLOGNE.—The first Gesellschafts concert for the season took place on the 21st ult., under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller. The great feature of the evening was Beethoven's *Sinfonia Eroica*. It was admirably performed.

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